

THE DAILY STAR

THE SILVER LINING

Which Good Humor Gives to Journalistic Work.

A crack company—a gang of burglars.—[Boston Post.

To the sluggard every year is sleep year.—[Hacksack Republican.

Highway men—elevated railway companies.—[Philadelphia Bulletin.

The druggists' song—"A light in the window for thee"—[N. Y. Herald.

"When the tied comes in"—When man and wife arrive at home.—[New York Express.

When a farmer puts a ring in a hog's nose he strikes at the root of the thing.—[Keokuk Gate City.

Philadelphia has the bulge on Chicago in one respect. It is named in the Bible.—[Brooklyn Union-Argus.

The New York Commercial is authority for the statement that "the ulster covereth a multitude of shins."

Love laughs at locksmiths, but we defy anybody or anything to laugh at a plumber.—[New York Mail.

"What struck you most in Italy?" a newly returned traveler is asked. "The sun," says he.—[N. Y. Herald.

A tree may be downcast and not chop-fallen. It may be blown down, for instance.—[Philadelphia Bulletin.

The tea that was not thrown overboard in Boston harbor in the good old days was liber-ty.—[Steuenville Herald.

When a man gets the rheumatism in his knees he knows the beauty of a gate without hinges.—[New Haven Register.

Strange, but true. A word in season is scarcely ever spoken by a man in a peppery frame of mind.—[Stanford Advocate.

There are pianists so expert in variations that they can play all around a melody or an old air without ever hitting it once.—[New Orleans Picayune.

No matter how low down a man gets in the world there are two things he can get, somehow or other: good advice and bad whisky.—[Newark Sunday Call.

Paper bricks are made in Wisconsin. The man with the hod can now dignify himself with the appellation of paper carrier.—[Cincinnati Saturday Night.

Men are naturally poor cooks. This was demonstrated in army days, when officers going to housekeeping always made a mess of it.—[Boston Transcript.

The remark of Mrs. Malaprop at the table when she gave a party, that the butter offered her guests was fresh from the crematory, was not very relishing.—[Lowell Courier.

The Wall-street bulls haven't been turned loose for some time, and there is a faint suspicion that the lambs have stopped carrying red silk handkerchiefs.—[N. Y. Express.

"How nicely this corn pops," said a young man who was sitting with his sweetheart before the fire. "Yes," she responded, demurely, "it's got over being green."—[New York Star.

Phelim (to tourist, who has taken shelter in a leaky shebeen): "Dade, and she soaked to the bone you'll be gittin' wid the strames through the roof. Come outside, sorr; it's drier in the wet!"

Professor: "Can you multiply concrete numbers together?" The class are uncertain. Professor: "What will be the product of five apples multiplied by six potatoes?" Pupil (triumphantly): "Hash!"

Some philanthropists are of opinion that dogs go to Heaven. We are not prepared to argue this point, but upon the question of cats our mind is thoroughly made up.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

At the Cattle Show: Young farmer—"Are you fond of beasts, Miss Gusher-ton?" Miss Gusher-ton—"Oh, really, Mr. Pawker, if you mean that as a declaration, you must speak to mama."—[London Punch.

A man who had \$65 stolen from him received a note with \$25, saying: "I stole your money. Remorse naws at my consens, and I send some of it back. When remorse naws again I'll send you some more."—[Buffalo Express.

When Naomi stood up to get married, and the clergyman asked her if she was sure she was fourteen years old, it must have been a terrible twist for her to admit that she was five hundred and eighty.—[Kingston Freeman.

The doctors say that seakins is unhealthy. Bless them! Now if they can be induced to say the same of six-button kids, point lace and a few such trifles, coming generations of married men will rise up and call them blessed.—[Boston Transcript.

A great many boys and girls fall desperately in love with each other, and rave over disappointed hopes before they are old enough to tell the difference between the heartache and the colic. Very few such cases prove fatal.—[Steuenville Herald.

An Englishman happened to be present at the Yorktown celebration, and after surveying the situation and surroundings said, "I can well understand now why Lord Cornwallis surrendered Yorktown. If I owned such a place I would give it up myself."—[Richmond Baton.

"Maria," observed Mr. Holcomb, as he was putting on his clothes, "there ain't no patch on them breeches yet." "I can't fix it now, no way. I'm too busy." "Well, give me the patch then, an' I'll carry it around with me. I don't want people to think I can't afford the cloth."

"If you marry Grace," exclaimed an irate father to his son, "I will cut you off without a cent, and you won't have so much as a piece of pork to boll in the pot." "Well," replied the young man, "Grace before meat," and he immediately

ly went in search of a minister.—[Cincinnati Saturday Night.

James Russell Lowell, says a Boston paper, is the next candidate for an "Atlantic" breakfast. So far as our experience goes—and we have eaten a few—"Atlantic" breakfast is not of a very staying quality. It may be a feast of reason, but more generally it contains a flow of soul.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

A little girl in the infant class of a Sunday-school thoroughly appreciated the difference between being good from choice and from necessity. At the close of the school one day the teacher remarked, "Beckie, dear, you have been a very good little girl to-day." "Yes, 'm, I couldn't help being good; I got a tiff neck," Beckie replied, with perfect seriousness.

Ever since fresh air was invented has the earth been cursed with people who fancied themselves appointed to ladle out vast volumes, aerial catarrhs, chilling torrents of fresh air, to nervous, timid, delicate people who don't want a pint of it. The ventilation idiot, who has not seen him? Who has not suffered at his pitiless hands? Who has not longed to kill him? He haunts the railway train, and makes his dwelling in the church; he goes to the theater; he invades your offices; he tramples on the sanctity of your home; and, wherever he comes, he brings with him blasts from Greenland and theories from the stormy caves of Eolus. And he sweeps down upon you, and your peace, and your tranquil home like a tornado, and he overwhelms you with fresh air until you want to suffocate. How do you hate him, the man whose hobby is ventilation.—[Burlington Hawkeye.

A Library for Jamestown.

[Jamestown Journal.]

The interest which the late Jas. Prendergast felt in the material and social prosperity of Jamestown was manifested in many ways during his lifetime, and since his death it has been ascertained that he had devised a plan for the benefit of the people of the village, which in its philanthropic objects places his name in the list of those public benefactors of whom Peabody, Astor, Lenox and others are noted examples. Mr. Prendergast executed no will, but since his death a carefully prepared list of memoranda for a will has been found among his papers, containing the plan for the public library given below. While this document has no binding force, his father, Mr. Alexander T. Prendergast, informs us that his son's plans shall be carried out to the very letter, and that he has already taken some of the preliminary steps for the execution of his son's wishes in the matter.

The memorandum left by Mr. Prendergast provides for the organization and incorporation of the James Prendergast Library Association, to which shall be conveyed the Prendergast Building, on Main street, and the rentals from this structure shall be allowed to accumulate for a certain number of years, until a large sum shall be in hand sufficient to build a magnificent, fire-proof library building. Thereafter the rental from the Prendergast Building shall go to the maintenance of the library. These, in brief, are the main points covered in the memorandum. Mr. and Mrs. Prendergast, however, conversed often with their son on the subject, and are in possession of his latest views regarding the matter, and in accordance with these views they propose to carry out the plan.

The modification of the written memorandum made in deference to the later wishes of Mr. Prendergast will thus probably bring the bequest into practical usefulness earlier than under the first plan, and the generation that knew and loved him will experience the benefits of his far-seeing generosity. The Prendergast Building, which by this action is virtually given to the citizens of Jamestown, is the finest business block in Western New York outside the cities of Buffalo, Rochester and Elmira. It was built in the most substantial and careful manner under the personal supervision of Mr. James Prendergast, and is worth, probably, considerably over \$50,000. Standing in the very center of Jamestown's business quarter, it is destined to constantly appreciate in value, and the income from its rental will steadily increase with the growth of the town.

A RAILWAY HOLIDAY SCENE.

How the Prayers of Two Little Emigrants Were Answered.

[Bradford (Pa.) Era.]

On Christmas Eve as the night express on the Erie Railroad left New York City there were seated in a car a poor woman and her two little children, aged about four and five years, going to the far West. A conversation between the mother and the children, in which Santa Claus was talked of, was listened to by the passengers. The mother told her little blue-eyed girl that as they were in the cars Santa Claus could not give them any presents, because the train was running too fast for him to get on. This statement cast a shade of gloom over the bright-faced children. They sat for some time in meditative silence. It was soon observed that the little travelers were growing sleepy. Tears gathered in many eyes as the little ones knelt on the cushions to lisp their evening prayers. The little girl said: "Please tell good Santa Claus that we are on this train going to see papa, and if he can't put some presents in little Joey and Maggie's stockings hanging up on the car window. Amen." The children then hung up their tiny stockings by the car window. In a few minutes more they were asleep in the arms of their mother. After a pause a gentleman in front of them spoke to the passengers as follows: "You have heard the prayers of these two little children. Now I will give \$1 toward making them happy when they wake up in the morning." He then passed his hat around the car and collected \$75. He next bought some candy, oranges and figs and a picture book for each, which with two more silver dollars he placed in the stockings. When they awakened in the morning and saw their stockings full the little girl exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, see what Santa Claus has found us because we prayed."

"BERLIN UNDER THE NEW EMPIRE."

How the City Looks Through Mr. Vizetelly's Eyes.

[Full Mail Gazette Review.]

As pictured in this book the city is the fitting headquarters of Heme's "Tartuffe among Nations," the true capital of the brand new iron-handed, brazen-headed Empire of craft and force. Its appearance is ostentatious and unprepossessing, pretentious and unattractive, garish and yet not brilliant. To the Viennese it is the "Sandbox of Germany," to its own people it is the "Athens of the Spree." To the world at large the sandbox quality of Berlin is a great deal more apparent than the Athenian; and it has withal a mingled flavor of brutality and science. Of pride and vulgarity, of poverty and annoyance, peculiar to itself, and giving it a place apart among cities. Apparently, it is built of solid stones; actually, it is a town of stucco and plaster. Apparently, it was designed for the use of trade and society; actually, it is arranged for a military despotism and with an eye to the prompt suppression of revolution.

Apparently, it is universally educated, exceptionally intelligent, abnormally prosperous, preternaturally pious and obedient, content to be the center of a grand military system; actually, its roughs are the worst in Europe, its press and its theaters are paltry and corrupt, its misery is excessive, it is a headquarters of political and theological scepticism, it numbers some sixty thousand male Socialists alone among its population; apparently it is supplied with all kinds of modern improvements, and governed and ordered on the purest modern principles; actually, it abounds in open debauchery, its roads are scandalously bad and comfortable, its stretches are as gross and multitudinous as those that Coleridge counted in Cologne.

It is almost needless to add that every second person in Berlin is spectacle. Youth glances amorously at beauty through one pair of glasses, and beauty returns the message coyly through another. The Prussian Cupid is not blind, but only short-sighted. Possibly this is the reason why he should be the keen hand he is at a bargain. Of course Berlin is not without a healthy city. Mr. Vizetelly confidentially expects it to be one of these days the prey of a tremendous epidemic. There seems to be no money to spare on such a commonplace matter as sanitation. Sewers are useless from a military point of view; and not a penny of the \$21,000,000 Prussia received as her share of the Five Millions could be spent on anything wholesome.

The Berliners are extremely thrifty. They live cheaply, an officer's dinner costing him no more than ninepence or a shilling; and as they have a hard struggle to make both ends meet, economy takes very severe shapes. Add to this that they are divided into castes, which castes are themselves divided into sections, which sections in their turn are subdivided into cliques, and it will be seen that the difficulties in the way of social intercourse are many and great. The Emperor is the All-Highest; and after him in a genteel diminishing, reminding one of the mouse's tale in "Alice in Wonderland," his anxious subjects troop. Mr. Vizetelly professes to have seen a card inscribed with the style and dignity of the Royal Sweepers of the Apartments, and declares that "a shopman or domestic entering the service of a grocer who during the whole course of his career has by some chance or other once supplied the Royal Palace with a pound of coffee, will be compelled to address his master on every occasion as Herr Hofdiener—Purveyor to the Court." And then every male is privileged to extend the style he bears to his female, and it is etiquette to address them both by it in full. It will be noted how admirably the Emperor's well-known principles of Divine Right and the Authority of Kingship have come to caricature themselves. What is most Prussian and lamentable of all is the little regard that, with all this straining after the shadow of birth and authority, is paid to good manners and even common decency. Your Prussian, says Mr. Vizetelly, is the most impolite of men. He may sentimentalize devotedly with a lady, and quote pages of the hyperbolic rhetoric of German erotics to her; but he will not stir to open a door for her, or hand her a chair, or assist her with her cloak. Of the salon as it exists in Paris, or the drawing room as it exists in London, Berlin knows next to nothing. Either its visits are purely formal, or its meetings are manifestations of the caste spirit, and of little interest to anybody who is unattached to a particular group or a particular section. Sometimes Berlin dines solemnly; but Mr. Vizetelly declares that Berlin cooks badly and fares poorly. On the whole, this author is clear that society in Berlin is not only dull in itself, but singularly well qualified to be the cause of dullness in anyone who gets into it.

It is to be noted that Mr. Vizetelly is shockingly ungallant to the ladies of Berlin. He looked at them in vain; it appears, for a single classical nois; he is impolite enough to insist that in Berlin beauty has always big feet; and he declares that in dress she is garish or she is dowdy, or she is both. Of the 50,000,000 gallons of beer, moreover, that are Berlin's annual brew, Beauty consumes a fair share. To the click-click of her knitting needles she assimilates alike the music of Beethoven and the factories of Helmerding and his imitators, the vows of aspirants to her little fortune and her fair large hand. Mr. Vizetelly has noted her in the Thiergarten, sumptuously apparelled and conversing with generals and counts; has viewed her eating peas and gravy with her knife, as all good Prussians do, and the outcome of his studies is that she is not disposed to number himself among her admirers. Indeed, he seems to think that there is not much that is truly admirable in the Prussian capital; unless, perchance, it be its zoological collection and its fire-brigade. Perhaps he may be a little prejudiced; but whether he is historical or picturesque, didactic or reflective, epitomizing the career of Bismarck or the Red Prince, or noting the

manners and customs of the Berlin rough, he is always worth listening to; for he always speaks in such a tone as to convince you that he is speaking honestly, from competent observation.

A Sparrow Roost in Worcester.

[Worcester (Mass.) Spy.]

The clump of pine trees on the East Central-side of the Asylum for the Chronic Insane has been appropriated by the sparrows, unless they have obtained it as a State grant, as a roost after the model of the pigeon roosts of the West. Every night, about half an hour before sunset, these persistently noisy, quarrelsome little fellows gather from all directions, coming singly, in pairs, by the dozen, and in flocks numbering sometimes into the hundreds. They take a wide circle before settling into the pines, and when once there, all seem eager to join in a song of thanksgiving for their safe return. Any afternoon after sunset thousands of these little fellows can be seen perched among the branches, creating so much noise by their continuous chattering that conversation is carried on by the people under the trees only with an effort.

The birds take their departure about sunrise. So general is the departure at a uniform hour that an hour after sunrise, not an able-bodied representative of the large and not remarkably quiet family is left at home. Stormy days and days preceding storms they keep better hours, going about an hour later and returning an hour earlier. The sparrows have inhabited the locality all winter. Of course it is impossible to estimate their number, but on a branch less than three feet long, selected because it was more exposed than any other, twenty-one were counted half an hour before sunset yesterday. The branch was only a fair specimen, the others being so well filled that fresh comers who were constantly arriving were unable to obtain lodgings without creating considerable disturbance.

The Hot Springs Dispute Settled.

[Indianapolis Journal.]

In reply to the inquiries of a Journal representative, General John Coburn yesterday gave a complete statement of the work of the Hot Springs Commission, of which he has been a member since its organization, and whose efforts have resulted in a settlement of the questions at issue. On the 15th of December the work of the Hot Springs Commission was completed. The bickerings and disputes as to claims and titles, which had for more than half a century vexed the people there, were finally ended. Certificates for the right to purchase the lots in the newly laid-out town had been issued to the proper claimants. The old streets had been straightened and widened, and new ones laid out; the houses, fences, and all obstructions removed from them; a permanent reservation set off, covering the Hot Springs and the mountain, of 265 acres, and the rest of the 2,500 acres laid off into blocks and lots, and appraised, and maps, plats, records, and evidence in support of claims filed in the office of the Secretary of the Interior. The work was one of great magnitude and involving many difficult and legal questions, arising out of the complications begotten by the contracts, lawsuits, deaths, inheritances, trespasses, intrigues, forgeries, perjuries, and murders, covering a lapse of 60 years. The entire reconstruction of a town of 3,500 inhabitants involving disputed claims at every step, was no little task, and required the exercise of patient investigation, sound judgment, and careful thought. The most eminent lawyers in Arkansas were engaged in the legal contests, occupying several months in the trials and arguments of the disputed claims.

Improvement of the Delaware.

[Trenton (N. J.) Gazette.]

For some months past a piece of work of the utmost importance to this city and vicinity has been quietly progressing without exciting any public attention, and entirely unknown to the large majority of our citizens. We refer to the improvement of the navigation of the Delaware between this city and Bordentown by the General Government. The work was begun last October and was finished—so far as the appropriation would permit—last month. The improvements made in this time consist of two large cribs, each 300 feet in length, 12 feet thick and 10 feet high, constructed of large timbers fastened securely together, like the cribbing of wharves, and filled in with gravel. One of these cribs extends from Long Bar—an island—to Duck Island, shutting off the water that had before passed through Duck Island Creek, and throwing it into the main channel of the river. The other extends from the other end of Long Bar Island to Embury Island, shutting off the water which passed through Long Bar Creek, and compelling it to pass down the main channel of the river.

The effect of this work has been marked and beneficial. The increased volume of water in the river is straightening and deepening the channel, and has raised the general level of the river at least one foot. But in order to perfect the improvement it is necessary to shut off Biles Creek, which now carries about one-eighth of the entire body of the river around Morris Island. If this were closed, and the water that is now diverted in that way were added to the volume of the river and compelled to flow over Perrywig, and at the same time, a small portion of Perrywig Bar were cut off on the New Jersey side, it is said by competent persons that the problem of improving the navigation of this part of the Delaware River would be completely solved. The river would then be navigable at all times as far as Trenton to vessels of ordinary draft. A small appropriation from Congress for completing this work will be asked for, and doubtless secured, this winter.

"My Tormented Back."

Is the exclamation of more than one poor hard working man and woman; do you know why it is? It is because your kidneys are over-taxed and need strengthening, and your system needs to be cleansed of bad humors. Kidney-Wort is the medicine you need. "It acts like a charm," says a well-known physician, "I never knew it to fail."

IT IS THE BLIZZARD.

Terrible Cold Weather Experienced in Dakota.

[Pargo (D. T.) Argus.]

Carl Belau, a German, with his family, were living in a shanty belonging to another man on Section 10, Township 143, Range 50, something less than a mile from the place they were preparing for a home. The man had completed a stable, and the house was ready to move into. They commenced to move Saturday, and were drawing their goods on a hand-sled, leaving their stove behind to be taken over on the next trip. When within about one hundred steps of the house the woman was taken ill, and the two youngest boys, aged eighteen months and three and a half years, were left wrapped in a blanket and put in a dry goods box, while the man helped his wife and two other children to the house. They got the woman in bed when the girl and boy were beginning to freeze, and they were put in bed with their mother.

By this time it had begun to get dark, and when the men started out for the other children left behind, his wife begged him not to go, as the children were lost and he would freeze. He could not think of leaving them without making an effort, so he started and had reached the box when he was frozen, and died on the spot. The woman gave birth to a child that night, and on Sunday night it died. She laid in bed without any fire, or food to eat until Monday noon, when she got up and managed by some means to reach the house of Mr. Gage, about one and one-half miles distant. Search was then made, and the man found lying on his back, near the box which contained the bodies of the two boys. It is reported that Mr. Belau had loaned about \$35 to some man, and was unable to get it, or he would have had everything made comfortable before the cold weather came on. Sheriff Haggart, with his usual true generosity and kindness, sent some flour and provisions to the woman, who still remains at the house of Mr. Gage. Deputy Sheriff Hammes returned last night, with the boy and girl, who were badly frozen, but will probably recover.

Among reports of accidents during the late blizzard, the Argus is pained to learn of the sad death of George Owens, aged 19, and Evans Owens, aged 11, children of William Owens, Sheriff of our neighboring County of Richland. Last Saturday they were visiting a neighbor, in company with their grandfather, and when they were ready to go home, the old gentleman told them to remain where they were over night. They insisted upon starting, however, and were allowed to do so. They were found next day, half way home, frozen to death.

Fur Growing More Costly.

[Boston Globe.]

The accounts from the fur markets are decidedly depressing; the better class of skins will be rare this year, and, in consequence, will fetch high prices. The prices are kept up by the double agency of a diminished supply and an increased demand. And yet fur, which has not for a long time been so dear as now, has not for years been so freely worn. The cause is not far to seek. More than five hundred years ago Edward III enacted that persons who could not spend £100 a year should not be allowed to wear fur; but at that time fur was finery, and the wearing of it a luxury. The law was in effect sumptuary, and was passed to restrict extravagance in dress. In later times the fashion has been based less on luxury than on comfort, and a return to what is called an Arctic winter brought with it a necessity of wearing cheap skins of home manufacture.

The fashion was withstood in this country for years. We got chinchilla from South America and sable from Northern Asia, the Russian markets being stocked with skins of the little animals hunted by soldiers or exiles sent for the purpose into the wastes of Siberia. These furs were used by those who could afford them, but there was no resort to the cheaper skins of animals nearer home. The rule of fashion became very imperious, and as one fur after another came into repute, the entire species of the unfortunate original wearer seemed threatened with extinction. Happily, fashion was as inconsistent as it was paramount, otherwise the race of seals might have disappeared, and the grebe would speedily have become an unknown bird. This year and last the taste has been for cheap and serviceable, rather than costly and ephemeral furs. Many of the tippets at present in use are made of skins that were hitherto disregarded, and it is plain that we have here opened up a department of commerce where production is as yet unchecked and importation from distant countries unnecessary. The gain has been direct and without any drawback. A new trade is created, and the public get all the benefit of warm wraps and inexpensive comfort.

An Elephant Trying to Board a Ship.

[London Nature.]

The Indian Government has presented the King of the Belgians four elephants, to be used by his expedition, and they have arrived safely at Zanzibar and been landed near Dar-es-Salaam. One who saw them landing says the scene was very exciting. They were dumped into the water from the ship. We never thought the first elephant could get alive to shore. It swam more than a mile in distance, and was in the water for more than an hour. Long after it was half way it would keep turning around and trying to come back to the ship. I can not describe to you the excitement there was on board. I fairly cried once with anxiety and excitement; it would have been too horrible to see it drowned. It tried to climb up the ship's side once. It was pouring with rain, which made things seem more dismal. We were all wet through, but nobody cared. We had to get our experience as we went on as nobody knew anything about elephants on landing. We managed the other three much better, and made the Captain take the ship near in shore.

By using Hall's Vegetable Sillian Hair Renewer your hair will resume its original vitality and color.

CARBOLINE.



A Wonderful Discovery!

CARBOLINE

A Deodorized Extract of Petroleum.

AS NOW

Improved & Perfected

—IS ABSOLUTELY—

THE ONLY ARTICLE

THAT WILL

Restore Hair on Bald Heads.

WHAT THE WORLD HAS BEEN

WANTING FOR CENTURIES.

From the earliest discovery of petroleum to the present day, there has been a strong conviction that the good qualities of crude oil have not been appreciated, and that it undoubtedly possesses great medical properties. Every one who has handled petroleum knows what a penetrating, active agent it is. It can not be retained in wooden casks at all, unless they are coated with some impervious material, and it is not surprising that it goes right home to the roots of a person's hair, when it can find its way through the best oak staves ever made. Its great penetrating power and its freedom from rancidity are advantages which no other oil possesses in so high a degree, and these same characteristics adapt it to the purposes of a hair restorer and dressing. The only objectionable feature being the dark color and offensive odor. But the skill of one of our chemists has overcome this difficulty, and by a process known only to himself he has, after very elaborate and costly experiments, succeeded in perfecting CARBOLINE, which renders it susceptible of being handled as daintily as the famous KAUF DE COLOGNE, on the human hair and skin, were attended with the most astonishing results, and it is now rapidly and surely taking precedence over all other oils as the best preparation for bald heads, produced for restoring hair on bald heads, and making a delightful and delicate of dresser. It does not contain a particle of lead, silver, sulphur, or other deleterious drugs. It is a natural product of the earth, containing the elements required by the hair to feed upon. A few applications will show its restorative qualities. Does not require months of continued use before you can perceive any result. It is cooling, clean, and too much praise can not be bestowed upon it.

READ THE TESTIMONIALS.

DARTMOUTH, CALIF., Nov. 1878. I was induced to try your CARBOLINE, and the effects have been simply wonderful. Where no hair has been seen for years, there now appears a thick growth. I expect the growth to be slow, but it is growing now nearly as rapidly as hair does the rest of the body. You may use the above testimonial if you think proper, and may refer to me for its truth. ALFRED PHILLIPS, Druggist, of Gloucester, N. Y., says: "My wife has used CARBOLINE, and she has now a coating of hair over the top of her head as thick as any other hair has been seen before for years." DUNSMITH, ILL., March 19, 1879. Sir:—By the purchase of a friend, I began to use CARBOLINE, which has been used for twenty years, and now I have a nice growth of hair on my head which has been bald for many years. I consider it the best thing I have ever used for the purpose. J. P. ARTHUR, Chemist, Holyoke, Mass. Mrs. GOWANS F. HALL, of the Ohio Opera-Troupe, writes: "I am convinced that CARBOLINE has been doing me a wonderful growth of hair where I had none for years." Your CARBOLINE restored my hair after every thing else had failed. I consider it the best thing I have ever used for the purpose. J. P. ARTHUR, Chemist, Holyoke, Mass. By using Hall's Vegetable Sillian Hair Renewer your hair will resume its original vitality and color. Kennedy & Co., General Agents, Pittsburg, Pa.